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THE

Double Deliverance:

On the never to be forgotten

Fifth of November.

A

P O E M.

5. Nov. 1690.

Olim hæc meminisse juvabit.

LICENSED November 3. 1690.

I.

W Elcom, O welcom, thou *auspicious Morn*,
See from the *East* the Radiant Beams arise,
To gild the *Mountains*, and the *Plains* adorn :
Not *Health* to *Bed-rid*, *Liberty* to *Slaves*,
Drink to the *sev'rish Throat* that craves,

Can half so welcom be, or so surprize,
As is this *wish'd-for Morning* to our Eyes.

Ah *Sluggish Man*, for shame awake,
And of the Common Joy partake.

See on the *Leafless Boughs* the Birds are sate,
Each with his pretty warbling Note,
Singing their Great Creator's Praise ;
Thy Sloath the winged Choir upbraid :
Shake, Shake off downy Sleep, and raise
Thy Gratitude as high as humane Thought
Is capable, or by the Church is taught ;
To Day be grateful Thoughts and Songs thy Trade.

II.

To Times long past, I would not say forgot,
First cast thine Eye ; *remember, oh ! remember,*
The *Cursed Hellish Powder Plot*,
Intended to be acted in *November*.

Let no false Medium blind thine Eyes,
Nor think 'twas *Cecil's* Artifice ;
A Trick of State, by Policy design'd,
Let no such Stories cheat thy Mind ;
Rubbish may oft be thrown on Things of Worth,
But time at length will bring the Matter forth.

III.

The *Romish Yoke* (which long our Shoulders gall'd)
Thrown off, we then began to see
The worth of Native *English Liberty*,
And were the Happy Nation call'd.

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But

But some too envious of our peaceful State,
 Who to a false *Religion* made pretence,
 Resolv'd to Undermine it in the litt'ral Sence.
 Had one of them to *Pluto's Court* been sent,
 To turn th' *Infernal Volumes* o'er;
 Examine the *Archives* of *Hell*,
 And there in search of Plots a Twelve-month dwell,
 He could not find in all their Store,
 A curst Design so closely Impudent;
 For *Belzebub* with all his Court was fate,
 When News was brought of this Intent;
 The *Furies* roar'd, and all 'were griev'd at Heart,
 To see poor Man outdo 'em in their Art.

IV.

Under the Room where *English* Senators
 Do meet, the Nations *Business* to discourse,
 A Celler was, dark, long, and unobserv'd;
 All Qualities which for their Business serv'd:
 This hir'd; great store of Powder first is laid,
 Faggots o'er that, lest all should be betray'd.
 Thus having all (they thinking) in their power,
 Each Plotter smiles, and waits the wish'd-for hour.
 But *Pity* is a Quality so good,
 And so incorporate with Flesh and Blood.
 Howe'er so cruel we to others are,
 Those of our own Perswasion we must spare.
 A Letter's sent, to let a Person know
 Their Friendship, and to bid him shun the Blow.
 This by mistake's delivered wrong, and none
 Could solve the Riddle, —
 Until to *Royal James* the thing was known.
 His piercing Wit soon found the Plot was deep:
 In times of Danger 'tis not safe to sleep.
 After some Search, the dark Design is found,
 While Fear and Shame the Plotters do confound.

V.

Happy Mistake — and much more happy he,
 Who could through all the dark *Enigma* see.
 How great Confusion else must have been made?
 Poets and Painters, who in Fancy Trade,
 Could never an Idea frame,
 How great would be the Horrour of the same.
 For this *Escape*, Thanks first to Heaven is due,
 Next after that, Most *Learned Prince*, to You.
 The Traitors who so fail'd in all their Parts,
 Yet found 'em Halters fit for their Deserts.
 The *Popes* have lately made *Canonization*
 Much such a Trick as *Transubstantiation*.
 More Criminals did ne'er at *Tyburn* groan,
 Than Saints in *Roman Calendar* are shown.
 Let *Faux* and *Garnet*, pass for Saints at *Rome*,
 We'll think 'em *Rogues* and *Villains* here at Home.

VI.

No leaky Vessel in the *Irish Seas*,
 Could suffer more than has the Church and State,
 From close *Cabals*, and private *Plots* of late.

But he was sure the Oracle of Truth,
That spoke and utter'd from his Sacred Mouth,
The Church upon a Rock was Seated sure,
And should all Tempests and all Storms endure ;
And what he said is come to pass.

But now omit we all the *Close Intrigues*,
Of *Solemn Covenants*, and *Floiy Leagues* ;
Of *Private Clubs*, and *Dark Association*,
Which have so lately Plagu'd the *English Nation*.
And passing over these Unwholesom Streams,
Come to the Reign of *Abdicated James*.

VII.

Never at *Roman Triumphs* was there known
More Joy, than at his Coming to the Throne.
Our Love of him did all our Fears destroy,
And little Babes were taught to shout for Joy.

But ah ! — As we too often see
A Morning promising and fair,
The Sun shine bright, Serene the Air ;
But suddenly some envious Cloud
Shall all *Sol's* Charming Lustre shroud,
And Storms and Tempests fill the Sky :
So 'twas with us when he began
To listen to the *Romish Crew*,
And must whatever they Commanded do.
Nay, though he at his *Coronation* Swore,
Oppress'd * *Eusebia's* Rights he would Maintain,
Yet pardon me, Crown'd Heads, his Oath he broke,
And all his former *Promises* forsook.

* Ch. of Engl.

The *Priests* o'er him did such Ascendants gain,
That, Poor *Unhappy Prince*, he was constrain'd
To humour them, and forfeit all his Store
To cherish his *Bald Pated Train*.
Those who, in spite of all his Foes,
Would his *Prorogative* Maintain,
Whilst *They* behind the Curtain laugh'd to see,
Th' Effects of his Accursed *Bigottry*.
Oh, *Bigottry*, thou Witchcraft of a Man !
What Prince (but such a one) would e'er permit
Such Swarms of *Priests* to be about the Court ;
Nay, with him in his Councils sit ?
His Bosom Thoughts were not his own,
But must to *Confessor* be known.

Of these there were a numerous Sort,
Who hearing that the Harvest would be Great,
From *Doway* and *St. Omers* hither fled ;
Of *Jesuits* first a mighty Breed,
Who are the great Incend'ries of the State ;
Of *Benedictines* not a few,

And of the Mortifi'd *Franciscan Crew* ;
Who in hard Fair, hair Shirts, and Nastiness,
Do all their Worship and Religion place,
A greater Number than can well be thought.
These, like to *Locusts*, overspread the Land,
And yet we wanted *Moses* powerful Wand
To drive the Vermine from us ; nay, at last,

Warm'd

Warm'd by Court Smiles, they were so bold
To seize our Churches; and, pretend to hold
Them by a better Title than was ere
Pretended by the Possessor.

By a pretended Form of Law they cast
Our Students out, and in their Colledges
Their dull Unthinking Blockheads brought.
Blasphem'd our Worship, and in ev'ry Town
They brought their *Breaden Idol* down;
And we were aw'd and brav'd by such as these.
The Clouds grew black and lowering, and we all
Expected when the *Mighty Storm* would fall.

VIII.

Thus was our Case——Relief we knew not where
To find, but only to our God by Prayer:
At last our Hopes grown Languid with suspense,
We heard of the Intentions of the Prince;
Nassaw the Great, the Generous, and the Brave,
The only *Prince* in *Europe*, not a Slave,
Came to our Aid——and with successful Arms
Diffolv'd the Spells, and Countercharm'd the Charms.
Th'affrighted *Priests* their private Cells forsake,
And *Publick Masses* all forbear to make,
But to poor sordid Shifts themselves betake.
Some *Peers*, and others, fill'd with Guilt or Fear,
Betake themselves to flight, yet know not where.
Forfaken by his *Friends*, the *K*——retires,
Returns again——while Shoutings fill the Air;
But still uneasy in his own Desires,
Retires again——
And to a Foreign Crown for Shelter flies,
Whose Curfed Counsels caus'd his Miseries.

IX.

Unhappy Prince——How Cruel was thy Fate,
To suffer *Priests* thy Soul to captivate?
No *Prince* that ever took them for his *Friends*,
But found they serv'd their own dear Interest;
Thy Crown was Sacrific'd to their base Ends.
How in thy Peoples Love hadst thou been blest,
If croaking *Jesuits* had been from thy Breast?
The bold *Egyptian Frogs* came not so near,
'They Din'd with *Pharaoh*, but had not his Ear,
Nine of the Ten of *Egypt's Plagues* were light,
To that one single *Plague* of *Jesuit*.

X.

Go on, *Great William*, till thy very Name
Serves to Eclipse *Great Alexander's* Fame.
Poets have too much flatter'd his Deserts,
He o'ercame Nations, but You conquer Hearts.
Thou *Moses*, *Gideon*, *David* of our Land,
Goon, and know no End of thy Command:
May distant *Nations* to thy Sceptre bow,
And *Lawrels* still be fresh upon thy Brow.

FINIS.

